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THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 57, Vol. II.

P. DIXON HARDY, 3, CECILIA STREET.

August 3, 1833.

TO OUR READERS.


From the concluding paragraph of the last number of this little publication, its readers will be aware that it is now in the hands of a new Editor and Proprietor; and they will naturally expect that in the present number something should be said relative to its future management. "DEEDS not WORDS," has ever been the motto of its Conductor; and he will therefore merely say that it is his intention to give his readers good value for their money—that the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL shall not be a mere "catchpenny," depending upon the number and excellence of its woodcuts for extensive circulation; but containing, as he considers a publication of the kind should do, such a variety of interesting and useful matter as shall render it really valuable. Having fallen into his hands rather unexpectedly, it will be readily seen that it would be impossible for him all at once to carry his intentions into effect; but he trusts the readers of the Journal will be able to perceive, by a gradual improvement in each succeeding number, that he is making every exertion to render it worthy of that patronage which, it is only fair to expect, should be bestowed upon a useful national undertaking.

It is certainly rather discreditable to the national character of our country, that while so many periodicals are maintained with spirit and liberality in the sister island, in Ireland it has hitherto been found almost impossible to support a magazine or periodical of any description for any lengthened period: while in many instances it must be confessed, that this premature decay has not arisen from any deficiency of native genius or talent. Indeed, the simple fact, well known to most literary men, that a great proportion of the writers in the English and Scotch periodicals are Irishmen, is in itself proof positive on this point—that if encouragement were given to Irish publications, they would not be found inferior to works published elsewhere. From the progress of education among the lower orders of our people, it is now absolutely necessary to supply them with some cheap medium of information on the various subjects with which they should be acquainted. And what could be better suited to the purpose than such a work as the present? One thing is certain, that until the better orders of society see it their duty to foster and encourage the domestic literature of their country, no great hope can be entertained of elevating the peasantry to that standard in the scale of social and domestic life to which our neighbours on the other side of the channel have raised themselves. Why is it, for instance, that when a gentleman in this country requires a steward or a gardener, we find him advertising for a Scotchman or an Englishman—simply because, in England or Scotland the humbler classes, being better informed, see the necessity of having their children regularly trained to the various professions and pursuits in which they purpose employing them through life; and for the very same reason, in almost every trade we find individuals giving the preference to those who are natives not

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of this country. It may be thought that it is assuming too much for our little periodical to say that it would have any effect in remedying this evil. But we shall let it speak for itself. We know the wants and the capabilities of our countrymen, and it shall be our great object to endeavour to instruct while we amuse and gratify; and thus we do hope to be able to excite a thirst for information even beyond that which our pages might be able to supply.

That the Volume of the Dublin Penny Journal which has been published is highly creditable to its Editors and Publisher, few will deny; and we feel that in any other country their exertions would have been met by corresponding encouragement on the part of the people. The work is decidedly a national one, and one which might be rendered of great national importance, considering the present state of the country, which in an intellectual point of view is centuries behind the neighbouring lands, having an overgrown population uncultivated and untaught. Unhappily, however, with all the talk we hear about "our own, our native land," it must be confessed that there exists here very little of that *AMOR PATRIÆ* which we witness in other countries. Nor can a stronger evidence of this be given than in the circumstance, that with all that has been done to bring forward the beauties and the antiquities of Ireland in the Dublin Penny Journal, and to render it a really creditable publication, it has not been supported as it should have been. In future, therefore, while the antiquities of the country will not be neglected, the work shall exhibit a more general character in the subjects of its contents. It is thus hoped that the work will be more generally read and supported by the public at large; and we do fondly anticipate that those who are really anxious to see industry flourishing and talent supported in this land, will in future give their countenance and lend their support to a publication brought out in the Irish metropolis, and which affords constant employment to a number of individuals, artists and mechanics, several of whom would otherwise be obliged to seek for support in another clime.

 Literary contributions and drawings suited to the work are respectfully solicited.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.—No. VI.
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN OF
SHANACLOCH.

It was one of those wild nights which frequently visit us in the month of December, when the floodgates of heaven pour their torrents, the winds rush angrily through the heavens, and the lightnings glance along the air, that a social and happy circle formed round the hospitable hearth of Tom Cahil, of Shanacloch. Though the rafters cracked in the weight of the savage wind, and the lofty ash trees, that rose amid the ruins of the adjacent castle, groaned to the elemental war, and the echoes of the neighbouring cliffs bore to our ear the hollow roaring of the foaming Bride, yet happy in the contemplation of our exemption from the storm, and enlivened by the much-loved strains of Jack Piggot, the purblind piper, we turned a deaf ear to nature'

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present fit of ill-humour. The servants, domestic and outward, were footing it lightly to the music of the pipes in the kitchen. Jack, seated in the broad chimney-corner, had already gulped down five good tumblers of punch, made in the Parlour by Mrs. Cahill's own hand. Tom, maugre his alderman-like rotundity of belly, was jiggling it among the youngsters. The stacks were well secured, the barns replenished, the snug mansion afforded a bed for a friend, and a keg of whiskey, poteen or parliament as the case may be—the rent was paid, and the house well thatched—in short we may say, with Burns,

“The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.”

Perhaps the gentle reader would grant me a moment's indulgence, while I introduce Shanacloch to his notice. Tom Cahill's snug residence is situated on the bank of the winding river, Bride, between Rathcormac and Glenville. The farm takes its name from the ruins of an old castle which defended the possessions of the Barrys in this quarter. This ruined castle, like almost all others, in Ireland, has many tales of superstition connected with it. It was a strong square-building; and its brave garrison made a noble defence, till at length it was taken by treachery, and its defenders murdered in cold blood. The extraordinary breadth of its massive walls has enabled the edifice to partially resist the assaults of time, who has, at length, flung a green mantle of sheltering ivy over the ruin, as if anxious to preserve it from the storm of ages. But the hand of man has effected wide dilapidations—the instruments of war have levelled its front in the dust; and I am sorry to record that the Vandalism of my friend, Tom Cahill, has been busy with the rest, a sacrilege which will not be forgiven by me, either in this world or in the world to come.

At Shanacloch, the duties of that loveliest of virtues, hospitality, is well observed. To its well-known mansion, the homeless wanderer turns his weary feet, certain of receiving food and shelter; the house never lacked a train of strollers; but myself and Piggot, the piper, were the most frequent and welcome visitors. By some strange coincidence, we generally came to Shanacloch at the same time; and it was a remark, that when your humble servant gave the “God save all here,” blind Piggot was not far behind. Piggot's features were cast in nature's coarsest mould, but when he tuned his pipes to one of his Irish airs, the expression of benevolence and calm delight on his mishapen face was truly interesting. Jack's music, indeed, had a powerful effect upon those who heard his strain. My heart has throbbed, and my eyes swam in tears, as he poured the full tide of the billowy air, Cosh-na-breeda, on my raptured ear; and when he struck up one of the martial tunes by which the minstrel of the olden day roused the clansmen to war and glory, I have seen the rude peasants who hung upon the strain, start forward with a wild shout, and flourish their sticks in the air. My chief motive for these frequent visits was to hear Piggot's matchless music, and glean legendary lore from Biddy Moylan, an ancient retainer of the Shanacloch family.

“God bless us,” said Biddy Moylan, from her straw-bottomed chair in the corner, “what a dreadful hour it is at sac! This wild hour will lave many fatherless childer afther it. Jack Piggot, dhrop that music, and let us all pray for the souls of the poor sailors that are this blessed minute sinking under the waves, to make food for fishes.”

“Don't you know, Biddy,” says Jack, laying his chanter horizontally across his knees, “that music often calmed a storm; and that whin the wicked one had Paddy Barret in the houl of the devil's cave, when he played up the “Graces,” instead of the wicked thune the company axed for, their spells were broken, and poor Paddy set at liberty.”

“Enough is as good as a faist,” rejoined the old woman, “and too much of wan thing is good for nothing. It was coshering and dancing they war, when *Marcach-na-Shanacloch* gave his last visit; the music drowned his voice, and honest people lost their good luck.”

As I was a great favourite of old Bridget's, upon expressing a wish to hear the “Legend of the Horseman,”

she kindly complied. The dancing ceased, and the pipes were bagged. After Biddy Moylan had struck the last ashes from her *dudeen*, and Jack Piggot called out “‘Tention,” she thus began:—

“Long an' merry ago, when *Shemish-a-cocca*, that lost ould Ireland, bad 'cess to him, was fighting it with some Orangeman, or other, that kem from England, with a great army, to destroy the Pope and the Catholics, Shanacloch, that then belonged to the Barrys (the rap M'Adamces), was garrisoned with stout boys, that defended the place for James, and well, in their way, they wor to spill their blood, like ditch wather for the bad bird that befouled his own nest. The great guns were planted against the castle over-right us there at Bushy-park, and they roared night and day; but though the bullets battered the walls, and did a power of damage, the boys at Shanacloch ped them off in their own coin. So, my dear, one dark night they stole upon the castle, being detarmined by all accounts to take the Barrys at an *amplush*, but they peppered them with bullets from the port-holes; and whin the inemy drew off, they followed them down the big field, to the Bride, and, ma-vrone, the battle-axes of the Barrys used to strike off heads and arms like tops o' thistles, and they pursued them into the river; and the Bride, that this blessed night is so muddy an' dark, was thin red with blood. Soon after the English captain hoist his sails, and off with him, horse an' foot, *with a flay in his car*. But, as the *bodachs* wor passing through Bunkilly in their way to Mallow, a man kim against them, mounted on a black horse, with a great parcel of brogues in a kish.

“‘Hilloa, frind,’ says the captain, ‘who are you, and where might you be throting to at that rate.’”

“‘I'm an honest brogue-maker, saving your honour's presence, and carrying this kish of brogues to the garrison at Shanacloch,’ says the horseman.

“‘Will you come back to-night?’ says the captain.

“‘Is it to come back, your honour manes? By Jaminie, if I put my eyes on Kippins, the boys wouldn't let me quit to-night. I'll be bail for lashings of whiskey there, an' hay an' oats galore for this ould baste.’”

“‘Harkey, frind,’ says the Captain, ‘you dont seem to be overburthened with money, and if you got a fist-full of yellow guineas, would you have any objection to do me a trifle of sarvice.’”

“Yet, to make my long story short, the murdering thraitor agreed for a sum of money to betray the Barrys, and let the inemy in upon him in the dead o' the night. The poor min that wor harrassed and worn out from long watching and constant fighting, took a dhrop extornary for joy that the *English bodachs* legged it, and every man went to sleep, when the brogue-maker promised to keep watch till morning. But by the time the min wor dead asleep, the English returned, and the thief of the world opened the gates, and every mother's soul in the castle was murdered in cold blood. Eighteen Redmonds of the Barrys, that were sworn to stand or fall together, were stabbed (the Lord save us!) in their sleep. Whin this *massacre* was finished, the brogue-maker claimed the reward, and requested to be let go, as the daylight was fast approaching. “‘I'll give you all you bargained for, an' a thrifle over,” says the captain; an' when he ped the money down on the nail, he struck off the villian's head for betraying the noble fellows, whose blood flowed through every room of the castle that night.

“From that time forward a headless horseman was seen every night riding round Shanacloch, and it is not said that he ever did the laste injury to any body. In the coorse o' years, this very house that I'm telling the story in (God bless all that's in it!) was built upon the *Horseman's Walk*, by the master's gran'father, and every night he entered the kitchen by the door, and went out through the opposite wall, that closed afther him, as if no Christian soul passed through it, and they always put out the candle, to allow him to go by unnoticed. But the night the master's aunt (God rest her soul!) was marrying, in the middle of the piping an' dancing, the horseman called out at the door—though I wonder how he could, for he had never a head upon him. The people of the wedding didn't hear, or were afear'd to answer him, not knowing, poor, dear people, what trouble they might be brought to. The headless

horseman of Shanacloch was never seen or heard of since. They say his time was out, and his horrible treachery atoned for; and that, on this last night, he came to thank them for their past kindness to him.

"Thanks be to heaven, spirits and ghosts are going away very fast, bekase wars and murders are at an ind; and the clergy, more power to 'em, has sent a great many sows to the Red Say!"

E. W.

THE HAUNTED SKULL,

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a Tale unfold."

SHAKESPEARE.

A peasant once upon a Summer's day
Set off to go to market at Killarney;
He might, or he might not—I cannot say,
Have been a brother of the fam'd Kate Kearney,
Whose smiles and looks were "spells" all "art" and
blarney:

And you were forc'd, so says the song, to "fly
And shun the fatal glance of her bewitching eye."

This same Kate Kearney, between you and I,
Was, I much fear, no better than she should be;

Let others sing her praises, I deny,
That she both "simple" and "mischievous" could be;*

Pray how could "fatal glances" ever good be.
To keep herself from murder she must either
Put out her eyes, or wear a false face—neither

Of which I'm sure she'd do, at least I know,
I would not do it to save Whig or Tory;

But what is this to you or I, and so,
I'll leave Kate Kearney, and take up my story,

I mean the peasant whom I placed before ye
Going to market one fine Summer day,
To sell his pig or ass, and buy some "tay,"

Sugar, tobacco, meat, and I dont know
What else to treat his reverence at a christ'ning,

He had to pass the ruined AGHADOE
Where bones, and skulls around, lie white and glis'n-
ing;

It was a sight that set his hair a brist'ling,
His teeth to chatter and his flesh to creep:
For legends say, that in the night, when sleep

Has closed, or should close, decent peoples' eyes,
In ruined Aghadoe, full many a spirit,

From the old tombs and sepulchres arise,
And hasten to the bleaching bone to ferret,

From out the heap, the limbs they did inherit
Some six or seven hundred years ago,
When in monastic pride, stood stately Aghadoe.

And here I beg the reader will behold,
In fancy's glass: each lake with nature's fountain,
And every glen of which he should be told,

And every wild peaked hill and rugged mountain,
And every isle too numerous for counting;

Gleaming from out the crystal waters pure,
With Innisfallen sweet, so called by Tommy Moore.

But to come back to ruined Aghadoe.
And peasant going t' market in the morning:

But stop—I quite forgot to let you know,
The ruin stands, the wild hill's top adorning,

As if to give to all that pass a warning,
That tho' they may ambitions high hill climb,

They must their honours bow to lordly time.

The hill of Aghadoe is very steep,
And it requires a long time in ascending;

So I was forced, kind reader, back to keep
You, the poor peasant's case alone attending:

But see him now at last the hill descending;
And you may follow now quite at your ease,

And hear what happened him or not; just as you please.

* See the song of Kate Kearney; and the meaning of the words, *simple*, *mischievous*, and *fatal*, in Johnson's Dictionary.

I do not force into your hands this tale,

You may, or you may not, let go the hold,

But I'll proceed, although your courage fail,

Like Shakspeare's ghost, "I can a tale unfold,"

Perhaps it will not make your blood run cold

In reading, but if you had seen the sight

The peasant saw, I'm sure you'd quake with fright;

For just as he had turned his back upon

The ruins of old Aghadoe so stately,

He saw what made his blood all coldly run,

And frighten'd him I warrant you completely;

Indeed I do not wonder at it greatly;

For who could see a human skull in motion,

Without a body—nor feel some emotion

Of fright and terror—I for one must own,

Altho' I am courageous as my neighbours,

That such a sight would make me start and groan,

More than a band of Turks with swords and sabres,

Or wild Cossacks impatient for war's labours.

Again I say—it was a sight of dread,

"To see roll on the path," now here, now there, a head.

It stopp'd a moment; then again began

Its fitful race, from one side to another;

At length it rested—and the frighten'd man

Whose senses downright agony did bother,

Having recover'd something from his pother,

Began courageously to think he'd pass

The now reposing skull—but, oh! alas!!

Scarce had the thought gone thro' his mind—when lo!

The skull again commenced its marching motion;

The peasant turned and fled past Aghadoe,

Nor once thought of the market I've a notion;

He feared the bones would all be in commotion,

And gathering round him pick his bones quite bare

And send his skull wool gathering for its hair.

At length he overtook, oh, joyful sight,

Some neighbours like himself to market going,

And telling them of his most fearsome fright,

Their hearts beat loud—their blood was scarcely
flowing,

But on they went the peasant with them showing

The very spot where he first saw the head,

Moving, before his feet, a "living dead."

At length this dreaded object came in sight,

Now here, now there, irregularly dancing;

The people all drew back in wild affright,

Till one with sign of cross and prayer advancing,

Approached the skull thus wonderfully prancing

And saw a sight that made his limbs to shake,

His eyes pour water, and his sides to ache.

He saw a sight that he must needs laugh at,

And ruined Aghadoe rang with his shouting,

For, lo! within a skull a monstrous rat

Had crept, poor creature very little doubting

That where it had got in, it would get outing;

But rat was quite mistaken in his notion:

And all his struggles only set in motion

His prison; for 'tis easier you will own,

Into a scrape of any kind to enter;

Than to get out of it with flesh and bone,

Safely and sound as you commenced the venture,

—So felt the rat entrapped in the centre

Of empty skull. Let all a warning take,

And ever look before a leap they make.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

It is worthy of remark that the shells of eggs contain a portion of phosphate of lime, the design of nature, in furnishing the shells of eggs, with phosphoric acid, or lime. It was necessary, therefore, that nature should provide means for furnishing both these substances, which it does at the expense of the shell, which becomes thinner and thinner, during the whole time of incubation, till the living embryo had appropriated a sufficient quantity, for the formation of its bones, part of the albumen combines with the shell for this purpose, and another portion forms feathers. If fowls are kept in a